

TWO BLACK GUYS

pull into the gas-station
yank their beat-up pontiac
around the pump-island
they're laughing wildly one says
10 unleaded regular
as i plug them in they get
out of the car giggling
shadowboxing i acutely feel
alone naked nausea curse
this stupid job in the bronx
in the night i'd felt safe
but now feel
unsafe i curse my stupidity
i curse my weakness & fear
i curse my hatred & the hatred
of others i think
lord if anyone's going to rob
me these are
the guys john & singh & milito
were right to work here
armed but i was in the army
never wanted to see guns
again
they were right then for no
reason at all
ask them got any weed you can
sell me?
no no no says the driver
we've been born again
i said what?
he said we're born again
christians & don't get high
anymore, right earl?
earl says you have to get high
on the lord, bro

they pay & as they're leaving say
god bless you, man — be careful
out here

THE CONSENSUS

most oppose measures
that would strengthen the individual

— Cory Monaco

Bronx NY